

MRS. CARMAN HOME TO GET REST, BEING NEAR A BREAKDOWN

Trip of No Benefit to Her, as Curiosity Seekers Besieged Her.

FRIENDS WELCOME HER.

She Receives Them All and a Line of Motor Cars Are Before Her House All Day.

Mrs. Florence Carman and Dr. Carman returned to their home on the Merrick road, Freeport, to-day. Mrs. Carman's face was pale and drawn; she bore every evidence of having suffered much during the days that she has been away from her home in search of rest and recuperation since her release on bail for the killing of Mrs. Louise D. Bailey.

In leaving her auto and in going up the steps to her home she leaned heavily on the doctor's arm.

It was, Dr. Carman said, for the very reason that she was unable to obtain privacy and rest that they cut short their trip and returned today from Raven Rock, N. J. They had intended to remain away several weeks longer.

"I fear very much," Dr. Carman added, "that my wife will suffer a severe breakdown. It will not be able to dodge curiosity seekers at all since we have been away. They have been after us all the time. It has been impossible for Mrs. Carman to get the rest she absolutely requires. So we thought it best to come back here among friends rather than remain among curious strangers."

Mrs. Carman refused positively to see any newspaper reporters, but as soon as her return became known in the town there was a procession of friends to the Carman home. More than a score of her friends came in motor cars to welcome her. Among the earliest visitors were Smith Cox, one of her bondsmen and Mrs. Cox; Ernest Randall, the other bondsman, Mrs. William G. Miller, wife of the former Assemblyman and political boss of Freeport, George M. Levy, her first attorney, and John J. Graham of Syosset, who is to be her counsel when the trial takes place.

All of these visitors were received by Mrs. Carman and remained throughout the early afternoon. When they left others arrived and there were nearly a dozen motor cars in front of the house all day.

Dr. Carman denied again that there had ever been a 38-caliber revolver in the house and repeated that the cartridges found in the house had been found by him and covered with dust.

"Mrs. Carman and I have not the slightest fear," he said, "that a higher indictment against her will ever be found. The present one is outrageous enough."

At the close of the interview the doctor repeated that Farrell, the "tramp" witness who testified that he saw a woman fire the shot and run into the Carman house, was a "plant" and that Celia Coleman, the Carman servant, who saw Mrs. Carman enter the kitchen after the shooting, had been coached.

DIVES, FULLY DRESSED, TO RESCUE GARDENER

Jeweller Takes Daring Swim to Save Drowning Man Off Staten Island.

Edward Hermes, of the jewelry firm of A. F. Hermes & Co., of No. 17 West Forty-fifth street, is suffering from painful injuries resulting from his rescue of George Dumont, a gardener of the Terra Marine Inn, Staten Island, late last night. The gardener, with three other employees of the Inn, had gone in bathing off the pier in front of the hotel and was half a mile from shore. He became exhausted and shouted for help.

His companions were unable to help him and added their cries to his. Mr. Hermes ran down the pier and jumped into the ocean fully dressed. He had great difficulty in getting Dumont to the pier and was severely cut by barnacles on the piling while holding the young man up against the heavy seas until ropes could be let down to him.

Dumont was taken to the hotel and is reported in a critical condition from internal injuries.

For Constipation

USE **EX-LAX**
The Delicious Laxative Chocolate
Ex-Lax relieves constipation, regulates the stomach and bowels, stimulates the liver and promotes digestion. Good for young and old. 10c, 25c, and 50c, at all drug stores.

Julian Eltinge's Battle Against Flesh A Lesson to Over-Plump Maid and Matron

WOMEN CAN EAT MORE THAN MEN—IT IS ESSENTIAL TO A MAN ON A DIET



Actor Tells How He Reduces His Bulk in Order to Get Into the Evening Dresses He Wears When He Impersonates a Woman on the Stage.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

This story ought to be called "A Gentleman in Reducing Circumstances." For it is the true tale of Julian Eltinge's battle against flesh and flesh-pots. And every over-plump maid or matron, who sighs despairingly at the vision of the svelte, seductive Julian in skirts, should take heed. For what he is doing she can do.

In three weeks Mr. Eltinge plans to take off twenty-four pounds, which is something over a pound a day. He knows such subtraction is possible, for he has achieved it before. When "The Crinoline Girl" reopens in twenty-one days—nights, rather—the "Girl" will have brought down "her" present weight of 184 pounds to a mere 160 pounds. That avoirdupois, "she" jubilantly asserts, will mean slenderness, taken in connection with "her" height.

However, it's too bad to use the feminine pronouns in referring to Mr. Eltinge, for despite his impersonations, as clever as they are free from offense, he is a self-respecting, resolute and very pleasant young man. And at Fort Salonga, the remodelled Colonial farm-house on a hilltop in Northport, L. I., where he has passed many summers, he is just now submitting to a regime worthy of a son of Lacedaemon.

"They say," I told him, "that while you were abroad this summer you ate so many nice, rich German dishes that now you can't get into any of your evening dresses." What are you going to do about it?

He smiled and his gray eyes twinkled. "It was in England, rather than in Germany, that I ate not wisely," he corrected me. "To be sure, I went over and came back in a German liner, and the monstrous menus on those boats are certainly a temptation. Everything under heaven is on the card, and it's all the same whether you eat two dishes or ten."

THOU POLITE TO DECLINE TO EAT HEARTILY.

"But the real difficulty was in London. A number of good fellows entertained me, and, you know, you can't walk into a person's house and say, 'I mustn't eat this, I mustn't eat that—I'm on a diet.' You have to eat all the delicious dinners, even if you must be putting on pounds which must be put off later."

"The consequence is that just now I'm living like a Spartan. I allow myself only two meals a day. In the morning I have a slice of fruit, dry toast and tea without milk or sugar. At 5 o'clock I dine on either roast beef, roast mutton, or fish, with one green vegetable, usually lettuce or string beans. I eat nothing else, and I drink buttermilk."

"I must swallow quarts of buttermilk. And you very VERY fond of beer, which I can't touch," Mr. Eltinge interjected, with quiet pathos. "I don't allow myself any form of dessert, or candy, although I have a sweet tooth," he went on. "And during the season, though my menu is rather more extended than at present, yet I eat simply. Then I usually breakfast about 11 on fruit, poached egg or one chop, and tea without milk or sugar. At 5 o'clock I eat a sandwich, a slice of ham, and a glass of beer. After the theatre I have my one real meal, when I eat about what I please—meat, two vegetables and dessert."

"And are you satisfied with the results?" I asked. "Can you really reduce when you desire to do so?"

"Last year I took off twenty-four pounds in three weeks, and I expect to do the same thing this year," replied the actor. And then he offered this consolation to the corpulent:

"Any one possessed of sufficient self-control and determination can reduce. It means denial and hard work, but it can be done. I have told you about my diet, but I consider exercise at least equally important. I swim a good deal, for I think salt water helps take off the flesh. And I play tennis a little."

GOING TO QUIT THE IMPERSONATING BUSINESS.

"But I am under a disadvantage," Mr. Eltinge added, looking rather disquieted expression passing like a shadow over his ordinarily placid countenance. "There's no use talking. I shall give up the impersonating business! I am sick and tired of it. I've put a limit of three years to it, and I shall keep my word. With the same amount of patience and hard work I could have succeeded in any other branch of the profession."

"You see, I am handicapped even in taking exercise," he went on more calmly. "I don't dare let my muscles get hard. The average man who wants to pull off pounds puts out



SEARCH OVER SEA VIA WIRELESS AFTER VANISHED LAWYER

Friends Take Charge of the Hunt for Wealthy Elliott Marshall.

The search for Elliott Marshall, wealthy Wall street lawyer, who vanished last Thursday, spread to ocean liners this morning when no clue had been found by his friends. Wireless messages were sent to every boat that left New York and Philadelphia after Thursday afternoon, but H. L. Pangborn, his law partner, fears they will prove fruitless.

The police of every city and town in a radius of 100 miles of New York have been sent descriptions of the missing man, and every hospital and prison in the city has been searched. Beginning to-day a committee of twenty-five friends will send out printed descriptions of Mr. Marshall to every city police force in the country.

No reason has been found for his mysterious absence. No financial disturbance was troubling him, his home life was happy and his health was good. He walked from his office Thursday afternoon, took lunch with his architect, W. Leslie Walker, transacted some business with Spencer Traak & Co. and no acquaintance has seen him since.

Mr. Walker, who is supposed to have been the last person with him, left Thursday afternoon for an automobile trip through New England with a family named Rice. Friends of the missing man have not been able to find Mr. Walker and learn from him Mr. Marshall's farewell words. The Rices, with the architect, were in Westbury, R. I., and Woods Hole, Mass., on Friday and Saturday, but no trace of them has been found since then.

The missing man never drank to excess, had no other bad habits, and never before spent more than a night away from home without notifying his mother or his wife in Montclair, N. J. His only hobby was music, his ability with a violin comparing favorably with the work of a professional musician.

His interest in an apple ranch in the State of Washington engaged his attention just before he left the office last Thursday.

Assuredly, art, like science and truth, bath her martyrs!

Daughter Is Born to Mrs. Walter S. Suidman.

A daughter was born to Mrs. Walter S. Suidman last evening at the Suidman home at Blue Point, Long Island. Mrs. Suidman, who is rated a millionaire, married Mrs. Elizabeth M. Wood of Selden in March, 1913, a little more than a year after he divorced his first wife, who was Miss Louise White, because of her elopement with Frederick W. Noble, a plumber's helper. The first Mrs. Suidman married Noble and a month later they committed suicide by taking gas in their apartment, No. 11 West Twelfth street.

at No. 48 Wall street on Thursday, and Mr. Pangborn thinks that he might have become obsessed suddenly with the idea that his immediate presence was required on the ranch. If this theory is correct, it will be to-morrow morning before anything definite can be learned, as it is a five-day trip to the property.

Mr. Marshall's only sorrow of recent years was the death of his week-old baby six weeks ago, but this, it is said, was mitigated by the recovery of Mrs. Marshall from a serious illness.

He has never been affected mentally, nor has he ever been seriously ill, though he is of a nervous, artistic temperament. His pet business hobby was building model cottages for workmen and renting them at low prices.

The disappearance is one of the strangest the New York police have ever dealt with, nor can they obtain any satisfactory clue. If nothing is heard from him within the next two days detectives will be sent to work all over the country and a large reward will be offered.

Mr. Marshall's disappearance has caused much sorrow in Montclair, where his home is one of the show places. He owns stock in the local bank, is a trustee of the First Congregational Church and of several charitable institutions. He is a graduate of Yale, 1892, forty-four years old, five feet seven inches tall, weighs 130 pounds, of dark complexion, dark gray hair, gray eyes and close cropped mustache. He wore a gray checked trousers, blue serge coat, a white straw hat with a black band, a blue white-striped shirt marked "E. M.," a green necktie, black socks and black low shoes. A gold band ring was on the little finger of his left hand.

ONE PEACE GUARDIAN ON LOOKOUT WHILE OTHERS ROBBED STORE

Rockville Centre Police Burglars Disagree Only in Details of Their Crimes.

Amos Veritizan, one of the three Rockville Centre policemen arrested last week, charged with committing a series of burglaries in the Long Island village, was arraigned to-day before Justice of the Peace Harrison B. Wright for burglary in the first degree. He pleaded not guilty but admitted having received the stolen goods from Policeman Rolof Peterson.

Peterson, who was arrested in Fairview, Mass., where he had gone on a vacation, contradicted his brother

policeman in describing the looting of the store of Mrs. Charlotte Hussar, No. 145 Merrick road, on the night of May 17, when goods valued at \$2,000 were removed. He said he broke the catch on a rear window, Veritizan standing guard outside while Henry Wick, the third policeman, who is out on \$1,000 bail, accompanied him into the store.

He said that he had hurried sacks, and Wicks carried out the loot to where Veritizan stood and later Veritizan and Wicks took some of it to their respective homes, while he carried the remainder to the home of Mrs. Phoebe E. Douglas, No. 164 Merrick road, where it remained for two weeks. Peterson said he heard that Mrs. Hussar had seen Mrs. Douglas wearing a coat he had stolen from the store and which he had presented to Mrs. Douglas, so he went to her house that night and transferred the goods to Veritizan's home at No. 42 Morris avenue.

Mrs. Douglas testified that she did not know the goods were stolen, thinking that Peterson had bought them. Timothy O'Callaghan, who appeared for Veritizan, asked that the burglary charge be dismissed and one of receiving stolen goods be substituted, but Justice Wright denied the motion and held Veritizan to await the action of the Grand Jury. Mrs. Veritizan, the policeman's wife, was to have been arraigned on a charge of receiving stolen goods, but the hearing was put off until later. Peterson and Wicks are to be arraigned this evening.

BERATES THE JUDGE IN COURT, INSISTING HE OWES HIM \$1,300

Money Lender Under Indictment Shakes His Fist Before Judicial Bench.

Judge Joseph H. Beall has just ascended the bench in Yonkers City Court to-day when a short, stout man with a glass eye, wearing a menacing frown, elbowed through the crowd of spectators, pushed aside the court officers and planted himself in front of the rostrum.

The crowd started in amazement, recognizing him as Major Abe Rothschild, who is under indictment for running a loan shark office in Yonkers.

Shaking his fist at Judge Beall, he shouted a demand that the Judge pay him back \$1,300, which he said he had owed him for a long time.

"I can't get a lawyer in this town to take the case against you," he cried, angrily. "They're all afraid of you because you're a Judge!"

The surprised Judge stared at the intruder and did not answer. Rothschild turned to Gustave Desgray, court stenographer, exclaiming:

"He owes you, too, Mr. Desgray—doesn't he? And he owes you money!" he went on, pointing to Lawrence Brooks, court clerk.

Neither Desgray nor Brooks answered. Rothschild continued to yell and wave his arms wildly.

"Why," he cried, "that man—that Judge—owes everybody in this court room! He can't deny it!"

"Judge Beall," he continued, with another shake of his clenched fist, "I helped you when Harry Ritchie was indicted. I kept him at work for a year so he wouldn't peach on you!"

"Fine me for contempt! Throw me in jail! I dare you! You're afraid—and you know it!"

The Judge started to the bench, walking hurriedly toward the door of his chamber. "Don't run away!" shouted Rothschild, "wait—wait, and hear my tale!"

The Judge was out of the courtroom. The Major continued to shout his challenges and delirious cries. "I'm Marshall, standing next to look him up. The room was in an uproar, but no one offered to answer Rothschild or to interfere with him, and he stamped out of the building."

Rothschild is well known in Yonkers as the object of a crusade started by the Yonkers Record last year, as the result of which he was indicted on six counts as a loan shark to look him up. He was held last night in the Queens County Jail, where his actions in the Rockefeller church did not tend to a breach of the peace and that Magistrate Campbell exceeded his powers in sentencing the minister on that charge.

Harry J. Ritchie, whom he referred to as formerly Court Clerk in Judge Beall's court. Two years ago State examiners found the court accounts short \$1,200 and Ritchie and Norman Rende were indicted. Ritchie was acquitted on one of six indictments, and Rende's case has not come up yet.

Rothschild gained national notoriety in 1877 when he was defendant in the "Diamond Bell" Moore murder case. He tried to commit suicide and shot out one of his eyes. He was cleared of the charge. In 1892 he was accused of attempting to kill John H. Springer, President of the Springer Lithographing Company in New York. In 1902 he was convicted of a diamond swindle in Pennsylvania and in 1908 he was convicted of defrauding the Postoffice Department and paid a fine of \$500. Shortly after that he went to Yonkers.

RACE GAMBLERS FREED.

Court Decides They Are Not Book-makers Under the Law.

Charles A. Ballard and Daniel O'Brien, race track wager-makers, were released on a writ of habeas corpus by Justice Maddox in the Supreme Court in Brooklyn to-day. They were charged with having arranged a bet at the Aqueduct track with Deputy Sheriff Howard, accepting memoranda of bets and accepting his money after he lost his bet. Justice Maddox followed the Scudder decision that such a transaction is not "book-making."

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ANARCHIST REBA, BORED WITH PRISON, ABOUT TO GIVE UP

Breaks Her Hunger Strike and Is Looking for Lawyer to Get Her Out.

"Reba Edelson's hunger strike is off," triumphantly declared Commissioner of Correction Davis this morning. "She called for the whites of two eggs last night and ate them. That's breaking the strike, isn't it?"

But from the cell of Reba comes a stout denial that she has broken her fast. The whites of the eggs, she asserts, were taken purely for "medical purposes." She announced that she would continue her fast to-day, but she will submit to forcible feeding if the prison authorities wish. But after an examination by Dr. Katz it was decided the prisoner's robust condition would not necessitate this course for some time to come.

The problem confronting the administration to-day, therefore, is to determine whether the whites of two eggs constitute a meal for a hunger striker.

According to reports from the Island, Miss Edelson is eager for the forcible feeding test at the hands of any physician except Dr. Katz. Becky vehemently declared she would commit suicide before permitting Dr. Katz to touch her. The girl entertains a cordial hatred for the doctor, whom she blames, along with Commissioner Davis, for the stories published last week that food was being smuggled to her in her cell.

Reba is thoroughly bored with existence in a Workhouse cell and to-day is frantically trying to get in touch with Justice Sheffield, her attorney, who is the only person Commissioner Davis will permit her to communicate with or see.

She is willing to put up the \$300 peace bond for three months and thus gain her freedom, but she can accomplish this only with the aid of Sheffield. The lawyer has not been seen at his office at No. 27 Cedar street for several days. Alexander Berkman and other friends of the prisoner have been unable to find the lawyer. In the mean time Reba will have to remain in solitary, with all privileges curtailed.

The Rev. Bouck White, pastor of the Socialist Church, who so behaved himself at a Sunday session of Calvary Baptist church in May that he was put out and arrested and has since been serving a six months' sentence for disorderly conduct on Blackwell's Island, and in the Queens County Jail, was before Justice Maddox to-day on habeas corpus proceedings. His counsel, Miss Bertha Remick, contends that his actions in the Rockefeller church did not tend to a breach of the peace and that Magistrate Campbell exceeded his powers in sentencing the minister on that charge.

"Of course," said the Rev. Mr. White, "a jail is a jail, but I have no word of complaint for the manner in which the Queens County Jail is conducted. I have been engaged in painting the building and have enjoyed it the work."

Twenty minutes later there was uproar on the upper tier, when it was discovered that the tally of prisoners for daring to enter the building without permission, kicked him out into Centre street and agreed to say nothing which would bring a reproach from Warden Hanley for their cardinals in letting him get in.

The guards were annoyed because a visitor had slipped in without a pass and after lecturing him severely for daring to enter the building without permission, kicked him out into Centre street and agreed to say nothing which would bring a reproach from Warden Hanley for their cardinals in letting him get in.

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KICKS DOPE FIEND OUT OF THE TOMBS TO HIS LIBERTY

Is Lined Up to Be Assigned to Cell, but Calmly Leaves Prison.

Warden Hanley and a number of Tombs keepers are spending as much time as they can spare from their routine prison duties in searching neighborhoods to which users of cocaine resort for Edward Royton, twenty years old, who escaped from the Tombs Saturday under circumstances of which the officials are not in the least proud.

Royton, who was arrested June 17 for snatching a pocketbook from a woman, was committed to the Tombs Saturday by Magistrate Corrigan in Yorkville Court to await trial in Special Sessions. He was brought down from Yorkville prison in a van with four other prisoners. They were handcuffed together when taken from the van in the Tombs yard and marched to the office on the second floor of the building to be turned over formally by the Sheriff's guard. They were lined up opposite the clerk's desk and the handcuffs taken from their wrists.

The visiting hour for the prison was just closing. Royton joined a group of visitors who were leaving the building and walked downstairs to the front door. He is boyish looking, and, despite the hold which cocaine has gained on him, looks innocent.

The guard at the prison door collected passes from the visitors who were going out. Royton slipped one of the line and fell in with another group of visitors who were held up because it was too late to admit them. He passed this group and had a message from a prisoner upstairs whom he named.

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